

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Fran.* You come most carefully vpon your houre.

*Bar.* 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

*Fran.* For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

*Bar.* Haue you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring.

*Bar.* Well, good night:

If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,  
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

*Enter Horatio and Mar-  
cellus.*

*Francisco.* I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is  
there?

*Hora.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And Leegemen to the *Dane*.

*Fran.* Giue you good night.

*Marcellus.* O farewell honest Souldiers, who hath re-  
lieu'd you?

*Fran.* *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

*Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*.

*Bar.* Say what, is *Horatio* there?

*Hora.* A peece of him.

*Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

*Hora.* What ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?

*Bar.* I haue seene nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* sayes 'tis but a fantasie,  
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,  
Therefore I haue intreated him along,  
With vs to watch the minutes of this night,  
That if againe this apparition come,  
He may approue our eyes and speake to it.

*Hora.* Tush, Tush, 'twill not appeare.

*Bar.* Sit downe a while,  
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

## Prince of Den

That are so fortified against our  
What we haue two nights seene

*Hora.* Well, sit we downe,  
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speak

*Bar.* Last night of all,  
When yond same star thars West

Had made his course t'illumine the  
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus*

The Bell then beating one.

*Enter*

*Mar.* Peace breake thee off lo

*Bar.* In the same figure like th

*Mar.* Thou art a Scholler spea

*Hora.* Most like, it horrorwes

*Bar.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speake to it *Horatio*

*Hora.* What art thou that vsu  
Together with that faire and war

In which the Maiesty of buried

Did sometimes march: by heauen

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Bar.* See it staukes away.

*Hora.* Stay, speake, speake I ch

*Exit*

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not an

*Bar.* How now *Horatio*, you tre

Is not this something more then p

What thinke you of it?

*Hora.* Before my God I might

Without the sensible and true auo

Of mine owne eies.

Thas